

PEP!



JANUARY

25¢

*New,
Snappy,
Spicy,
Stories
and*

ART!

An ART GROUP Publication



For sheer loveliness this photograph is beyond comparison. The soft whiteness of the skin and the perfect line of the body are excellently set off by the column in the background.

—PHOTO BY FIRST NATIONAL



Entre-Nous

So, you've been wondering what it's all about! We can just visualize your eyes opening wide, your ears turning pink and your mouth,—oh, that smooch—how it twitches and jerks in expectancy. No, your first try was absolutely and positively wrong. This has nothing to do with, knows nothing about and is in no way related to that grubby commodity PEP! the breakfast cereal.

It all happened this way: It was Sunday—naturally your mind's eye has already drawn a picture of grey clouds, much rain and utter despondency. That usually happens on Sunday, n'est-ce-pas? Well, we reiterate: It was Sunday and we had slept five times the amount of time any normal being should waste in the company of Morpheus, had read every available piece of paper with print on it and were open for fresh escapades.

Say, did you ever get the feeling that you had to do something or burst? Yes? That's good. Now you know approximately what we felt like. To continue: The postman had of late been bombarding us with stories which were *Très*, oh! so *Très* snappy that we couldn't keep from reading choice excerpts aloud to our favorite stuffed cat. On nath we swear that his glassy green eyes danced in amusement.

Which brings us back to these tattling tales we've been piling up. What to do with them was the next question? We knew you'd just devour them, and then and there decided to come across and let you in on the fun. Without a "hy your leave," we prepared to give you something different to do on miserable Sundays. Stories such as you've always wanted to read when the mood was upon you. The kind that give you a thrill you won't forget.

Just saw an exquisite picture in another corner of the littered desk and was struck by its beauty. Honestly, there's no telling what progress these photograph artist will make. They're doing more and more with the lens. This particular picture looks every bit like a rare classic done by some ancient painter.

Maybe the painted-in backgrounds and effective poses don't make the earlier masters look a bit ineffectual? The models are usually chosen from the sprightliest revues in town and you know what that means. Talk about Glorifying the American Girl—Why it's generally known that the grandest figures in the world are those of our own little girls.

All of that simply to tell you how thrilled we were with the art of the camera. Naturally, being most unselfish, you're going to be let in on this, too. Such generosity, we can't account for it except that Christmas hovers in the near future.

The plan is this: Every month in PEP! we're going to give you a batch of these thrilling stories, and how they're illustrated—WOW! If you don't cut each and every one out and paste it in your book of good things you're missing something you'll want very much the next time that fit of blues comes along. And just so you won't say we haven't your interests as heart, to relieve and brighten up your anticipation of the next story we're going to separate the stories with these camera studies we carried on so much about above.

Put your hids in early, wise ones, for this is something you're gonna digest avidly and then come up asking for more.



PEP!



New, Snappy, Spicy Stories and A R T

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It is surprising how very few models can be found with a back and breasts of proportionate roundness. This model is beautifully formed and consequently this pose most attractive.

—PHOTO BY HERMAN



A bewitching Jacqueline with tousled hair and one satiny, smooth shoulder and breast partly revealed where her blue silk dressing gown had slipped low, opened the door. At sight of Syd, she recoiled with a little gasp of startled surprise.



Still Waters Run Deep



WHEN Syd Franklin raised his eyes to give the waitress at the Gem his order, he fully expected to behold the pug-nosed, bleary-eyed girl who usually served him. Instead,

he was held enthralled by a vision of peach-tinted complexion, marvellously deep blue eyes, and a mouth that made him crave to crush its soft convolutions with kisses. For a moment he could only stare up in amazed admiration.

"What will you have?" the vision inquired in a soft, musical voice.



By Edith Sheila Nicholas

After all, isn't the modern girl's cutting frankness preferable to the sugared deception of the so-called old-fashioned one?

Syd gulped down his surprise and gave his order. His eyes followed the girl's retreating form hungrily as she proceeded kitchenward. That, too, he decided delightedly, was in keeping with the rest of her—exquisite slenderness at wrist and ankles and waist, merging into intriguing fullness where he liked to see

fullness. She was a wonder of a girl! Who in creation could she be?

"You're new here, aren't you?" he asked with assumed casualness when she came back.

"Yes, sir, I started yesterday," the

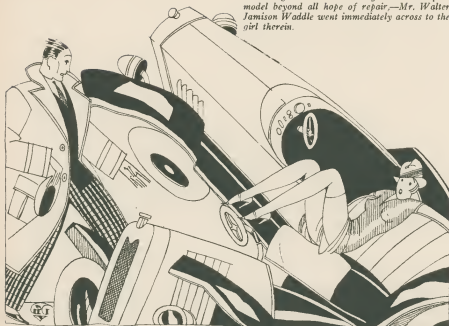
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This study is valuable from the standpoint of lighting effect, in the open air. This wholly simple pose is illustrative of the fact that the human figure is most graceful when portrayed in a natural position.

—PHOTO BY HENNINGSEN

Observing that he had damaged the red sport model beyond all hope of repair,—Mr. Walter Jamison Waddle went immediately across to the girl therein.



Automobile Accidents

By Jack Woodford

When a young man smashes into a beautiful girl's car and wrecks it, just how can he soothe her ruffled feelings?



LIKE a sizzling rocket the little black car of mongrel vintage torpedoed into the larger red one.

Observing that he had damaged the red sport model beyond

all hope of repair, though the girl therein remained apparently uninjured, pluckily holding to the wheel, Mr. Walter Jamison Waddle stepped down and out of his own car and went immediately across to her. At each nearing step she looked increasingly beautiful and hopelessly furious. Reaching the fair driver's side he

addressed her earnestly.

"Miss, will you marry me?"

"Marry you! You good-for-nothing hoodlum; you delinquent dead-head, you limp-brained scum, you pusillanimous specimen of the lowest known variety of blind mole, what in hell do you mean by leaning that pile of concentrated tin against my baby?"

"Oh, of course, if you have a baby," he reconsidered, "naturally, or at least I hope, that you are married—in which case, being one of the few young men left in the world who believe in self-denial, and practice it sparingly, I withdraw my offer."

"You crawfish, you useless son-of-a-cap-pistol," observed the pin-wheel eyed young lady, "I'm talking about my car. of course—*it's* my baby, and you've ruined it."

"Seldom have I seen a baby so convincingly and arbitrarily ruined," admitted Walter; "yes, I have certainly done things to your baby. That's just why I'm asking you to marry me."

"What in hell has that got to do with it, you lunkhead?"

"Everything, my dear and exquisite lady. I could never settle up with you for the damage I have done, except by marrying you—I am all I have of value to offer."

"Slab-head! I wouldn't trade your whole damn carcass for one inner-tube for my baby. Die instantly, you loathsome nit—I insist that you die here upon

the road, this minute!"

"Well, now that we're engaged——"

"Are you drunk?"

"Yes, with your loveliness."

"I wish that I had a cannon to blow you into hamburger steak!"

"Of what use would be so much hamburger steak *sans Allium cepa*?"

"You won't think that this is all so darn funny when an officer comes along."

Just at this psychological moment an officer did indeed appear—that is one of the disconcerting things about the psychology of the *gendarmerie*: never when one wants them, and always when one doesn't! He noted the wreckage upon his quondam immaculate road.

"Whatinhelsthamaterwitcherblockinthe-roaduplikeis?"

"Yes, sir!" agreed Walter, "she won't get into the car with me. She's my fiancée, and we had a quarrel."

"Wy dontcha take th pile of junk into the ditch un go home with him?" demanded the civil service graduate uncivilly.

"He's not my——"

"You see——" observed Walter spreading out his hands so that they formed the words: "I told you so!"

"Wyinldontcha?" the officer requested instantly to be informed.

"I tell you he's not my——" began the girl.

"See—!" promptly interrupted Walter.

"Get into his can," ordered the cop. "You can fight just as well in there as

DARK TOWN



you can anyplace else."

"Officer I tell you I'm not his——".

"Garn, now, or I'll give you a ticket." He was hot and angry—he did not like pretty girls when they were other men's fiancées; especially when the other man was present. His mien was most ferocious, and he looked "ticket" out of both eyes. Finally Walter helped him to push the other car to the side of the road.

"Officer!—" she began again when they had finished, but the snorting of his motorcycle interrupted, as away he flew with never a backward glance. Walter climbed up beside her.

"Now," he said firmly, and with some relief, "all we need is a license; and, after that—we'll buy a tent and set up house-keeping." She stood up and searched for the running board with a determined toe, but he started the car suddenly and she sat down equally so.

"Sorry," apologized Walter. She glared murderously at him and felt for anything uncompromisingly hard that might be in the side-pockets upon the door.

Presently they arrived at a little town, well within the State line. He said: "Wait here a minute, and, oh yes, what's your name? That's the village hall over there, I'm going to get a license."

"Guess what my name is, you garter-snake!" she snapped. He eyed her sorrowfully for a moment, then snatched her pocketbook, opened it and took out one of her cards. Tossing the purse back

to her he left.

She moved over to start the car, only to find that he had taken the gas key. Vindictively she dismounted and let the air out of all four tires and the spare. When she had finished holding down the needle valve upon the spare, he returned waving a large paper.

"Minister's over there, in that little house next to the church," he explained with pardonable excitement. She sought to crucify him with a look, but he smiled back and, undaunted, took her arm in a firm grasp. Helplessly she followed, tripping anon over his feet as he dragged her.

The clergyman was sitting upon the porch of the rectory. He covered a glass upon the table near him with his hat as they approached.

"Howdy!" greeted Walter, seeing at once that he was a brother ram. He gave him the grand High Sign by lowering his head and butting him in the stomach, knocking him back down into his chair as he rose. The clerical looked dazed, but he went inside for his bible, crawling upon hands and knees, not caring to offer any more opportunities for grand High Signs.

Under Walter's impatient heckling he rushed through the marriage service to the point where it came time for the straight question to be put to the amah.

"I do not!" she spat out viciously.

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STRUTTERS





A close-up study such as this requires much concentration. The art of the body shown must be accurate. In this photograph the arms raised above the head flatten the breasts and add a note of sturdiness to the composition.

—PHOTO BY HERMAN

Enid's Escapade

By Robert Dumont

*When a man attempts to give a girl a lesson in morals,
can you blame her for pointing out to him his
absurd solemnity?*



HEN Lerton Lerner heard of Enid's latest escapade, he became desperate. According to the story, which came to him quite unexpectedly at the club one night when he

overheard two of the young men about town hilariously discussing the affair, Enid had been the life of the party at the Halfway Inn, a rather notorious resort just outside the city limits. Apparently, the climax of the jollification had been a "Black Bottom" she had danced on the table with supreme unconcern for the crockery strewn about her gold-slippered feet. Of course, there had been liquor. The youths who formed the male contingent in these little diversions all carried hip flasks, you may be sure.

Lerner's interest in this unintentionally overheard scrap of conversation would have been merely a cursory one but for the fact that he had been in love with Enid ever since they had attended school together. Somehow, though, he had never been able to persuade her to become his wife. She invariably gave him to understand that she wanted first to know more of life and to taste of it more deeply. "Marriage might cramp my style!" she flippantly told him once. So Lerner contented himself with hovering about her, observing meanwhile that Enid was tast-

ing more and more deeply and often. However, he felt certain the flame about which she was blithely flitting had not as yet, even singed her wings.

And now, after an enforced absence in Paris of about a year, he had returned to find her lovelier and more desirable than ever, and cavorting around with a set which was just a shade faster than the one with which he had left her. Nevertheless, he realized he loved her more than ever, and his love made him desperate. Long he pondered the question and finally he reached a decision. He would teach her a lesson, a hard, drastic lesson, to be sure, but one inspired by his great and genuine affection for her. True, it would probably shock and startle her, but on the other hand he hoped it would open her eyes fully to what lay at the end of the seductive path she was so blindly treading.

His opportunity to put his plan into effect came sooner than he expected. He was sitting in a secluded alcove with Enid at the Winthrop's reception when her mother rushed excitedly over to them.

"Oh, Enid, dear!" she exclaimed, "do you know I forgot my cluster ring on the dressing table! I don't understand how I could have been so careless. Now I can't rest easy until I have it. You know there was a robbery in our neighborhood last week. We must go for it at once."

"My car is parked outside," Lerner

offered hastily. "If you care to . . ."
 "Oh, yes, that's nice of you. Don't bother about coming, mother," Enid said before her mother could say a word.

Mrs. Randall readily agreed to this, in fact, seemed relieved because she had been exempted from the necessity of going, while Lerner thanked fate for the opportunity that had been cast at his very feet. He felt certain he would be granted a chance to put his plan into execution while with Enid.

"Let's get a cocktail before we go, Lerton," Enid proposed. He could tell by the unnatural glitter in her eyes that it would not be the first one she had had that night, but nevertheless, he nodded acquiescence.

The cocktails having been duly disposed of, they went out into the chilly December night and settled themselves on the soft cushions of his huge roadster. Little was said between them as they glided along smoothly. It is an exquisite sensation to feel the throbbing strength of a powerful motor under one's control and at the same time have the one most desired girl in the world at your side, and he was loath to spoil the enchantment with small talk. All too soon they slid to a stop before the austere stone, two-story building that was Enid's home.

She tripped across the pavement and fumbled at the lock with a latch-key. An instant sufficed to open the door, and her groping fingers found the light switch. They entered the soft radiance of the hallway.

"I won't be a minute, Lerton," she sang over her shoulder as she started up the wide stairway.

Before her companion could reply, however, she halted abruptly and stood there, listening intently.

"That's odd," she mused, her eyes wide and startled. "I could have sworn I heard footsteps upstairs. No one is supposed to be here. All the servants have the evening off."

"Most likely it's just a rat," Lerner reassured her lightly, but a purposeful gleam flickered up into his eyes. "Come on, fraidy cat, I'll go with you."

He started up the stairway ahead of her. Enid regarded him somewhat doubt-

fully, but finally, without comment, she followed him. At the landing above, he pressed the light button and the upper hallway was suffused with a golden glow.

Having followed her into the room she entered, Lerner coolly closed the door, turned the key in the lock, placed it in his pocket, and faced her. Over the girl's pretty features there spread an expression that was a mixture of alarm and amazement.

"Why did you do that?" she asked sharply.

Lerner grinned sardonically.

"Isn't this an ideal place to spend a delightful hour," he asked her, glancing around at the effete furnishings of the bedroom.

"Lerton, what do you mean?" Enid shot at him, her features tautening.

"I mean," Lerner replied leeringly and insinuatingly, "that we are alone in this cozy room and since I've been mad about you ever since I first knew you there's no reason why we shouldn't forget everything else but that you are the most desirable girl in all the world and . . ."

"Are you crazy, Lerton! Unlock that door at once!" Two vivid spots of anger flamed on the girl's cheeks and her eyes blazed.

"Would you act that way if Bill Andrews were here with you instead of me?" Lerner asked her meaningly.

For a moment Enid bit her lips as if at a loss what to say. Her eyelids fluttered down like a concealing curtain, veiling her eyes from the man's searching gaze.

"What's come over you?" she inquired shrilly. "Are you *drunk*?"

"No, I'm not and you know it," Lerner retorted spiritedly, for the moment forgetting the part he had set himself to play. "Don't you think I know about all your escapades—your dance on the table at the Halfway Inn, that moonlight bathing party on the beach, your masquerading as a maid at the Revler Hotel? It seems to me that you could be pleasanter when we have this wonderful opportunity to be alone together. How about a kiss as a starter?"

"Cad!" Enid spat at him.

She was wondrously beautiful in her anger. Her blue eyes scintillated like

diamonds, her vivid little mouth was adorably imperious, and her rounded, slender figure was drawn up to its full height, displaying all its alluring curves to advantage. Larner forgot everything but that she was there near him, within reach of his arms, lovely, irresistible. Suddenly he swept her close.

She struggled and beat his face with futile little fists.

"Let me go! Oh, you brute!" she gasped.

He captured her lips at last and, as they carried the message of his great desire, he became conscious that her efforts to free herself were becoming feebler. Presently her arms crept up around his neck. She snuggled closer against him, setting his blood on fire, making him dizzy with ecstasy. Choking with the in-

tensity of his emotion, he released her.

She stepped backward, stumbled on a chair, and reeled down upon a chaise longue. Larner was on his knees beside her in an instant, caressing her with words, touch, and lips.

"You were jealous of those other boys, weren't you, dear," she breathed, drawing him closer. "Oh, Lerton, you're darling. I never thought you could be like this. I always believed you were a dead one. Kiss me!"

And then suddenly Larner remembered his rôle, only to be engulfed in a stupefying, crushing realization that no rôle was necessary. Enid was his, absolutely his—for the moment. His, just as he knew now she had been to others. She

(Continued on page 59)



She struggled and beat his face with futile little fists. "Let me go! Oh, you brute!" she gasped.

THE SPICE OF LIFE



FLAPPER EVOLUTION

Her first auto ride: "I'll scream if you do."

Her fifth auto ride: "You wouldn't dare."

Her fifteenth auto ride (weakly): "Don't, stop."

Her fiftieth auto ride: "Wotta man!"

Wife (on shopping tour)—Is my face dirty, or is it my imagination?

Husband—I can't see your imagination, but your face is clean.

He—I just proposed to Mary, Father. She owns that \$100,000 estate just east of here.

Father—For the land's sake, son.—*Black and Blue Jay.*

"I'm in love, and I'm loved.

"You lucky girl."

"No, I'm not, it's not the same man."

Excited Voice (over 'phone): "Quick doctor, an auto just run down my mother-in-law, and she's at death's door, come over, please, and see if you can't pull her through."

Some girls, when in love, will do anything. Others are more prudent.

Any girl who has reached sixteen, and hasn't been kissed, needn't fear, she'll reach sixty the same way.

Mae—So Freddie is teaching you baseball?

Roe—Yes, and when I asked him what a squeeze play was, I think he put one over on me.

PARIS PARLEY

"Want a guide? I can show you everything you ought to see!"

"Go away! I want someone who can show me the things I oughtn't to see!"

Old Lady (to man in telephone booth)—You've been in there twenty minutes now and haven't said a word, this is no place to rest.

Man—But madam, I'm talking to my wife.

Sweet Thing (at bazaar)—Will you take a chance on a hand embroidered pillow for a dollar?

Bad Boy—Any pillow will do me, when do we meet?

"There are two kinds of flat tires—both make you stop."—*Black and Blue Jay.*





He wrote and told her he was sending her a set of "honeymoon undies" for her birthday. She wondered what on earth they were.

A fortnight passed, and still no parcel came.

And then understanding dawned on her.

* * *

AT THE BALL PARK

She—What are all those holes in the fence for?

He—Those, oh, they're knot holes.

She—Idiot, do you think I'm blind.

* * *

"Heh, heh! I remember my girl was talking a blue streak when we went over the embankment."

"What was she saying?"

"No."—*Virginia Reel.*

* * *

WHAT'S THIS?

He—But dear, I am sure I could never find my way out here again.

She—Oh, foolish boy, just ask any taxidriver, he'll know.

* * *

TRUE TO FORM

A girl from a telephone exchange fell asleep while at church.

The preacher, announcing the hymn, said:

"Number 428."

At that moment the girl awoke.

"I'll ring 'em again," she murmured. "I'm trying to complete your call."

* * *

Many a chorus girl who cares little for a man, lives on his account.

* * *

FIGUREATIVELY SPEAKING

Small Boy—Pa, what is the meaning of the figure of speech?

Father—That, my son, is the newest name for your Ma.

* * *

"Have you known her long?"

"Long? say kid, I knew her when she wore that fur coat on Sundays only."

* * *

Nice girls are like the red traffic light, just as you begin, sailing smoothly, to reach a certain point, it flashes, and then you have to stop.

* * *

Johnny A— and Billy B—,

Are both in love with Phyllis C—;

But Phyllis C— tells me that she

For neither of 'em cares a D—.

* * *

Q—How many in that berth?

A—Only one. Here's our ticket.—*Cornell Widow.*

* * *

"John!" shrieked Mrs. Professor, as she caught her husband sitting with his young and pretty secretary's shingled head nestling against his greying one.

"Don't get hysterical, my dear," said the savant softly, "I am but attempting to disprove in a practical way the ancient adage that you can't put young heads on old shoulders."

(Continued on page 42)



Here is a picture that is distinctly classic in its origin. The pose is one which might well have been used by the early Grecian painters and sculptors. The face, too, strongly resembles the type used in days of yore.

—PHOTO BY HENNINGSEN

WHAT IS IT?

Luke had it before. Paul had it behind

Matthew never had it at all,

All girls have it once. Boys cannot have it.

Old Mrs. Mulligan had it twice in succession.

Mr. Lowell had it before and behind, and
he had it twice as often behind as before.

*THE ANSWER TO THIS BAFFLING MYSTERY CAN BE
FOUND ON P. 48*



This study of a figure while unlike those usually used in this book is charming for its grace. The body while a trifle more mature than those generally used is proportioned perfectly.

—PHOTO BY HAROLD DEAN CARSEY

Day after day Milly felt his cool but kindly eyes watching her. She was lonely—she wanted love.



A Sinner in Hopeville

By Charlton L. Edholm

Will a scarlet past, when brought to light, block a young girl's right to happiness?



MILLY SELDON'S cheeks were flushed a deep red—a flush that went below the surface and hurt her very soul. She sank down on the fallen tombstone and

sobbed.

"Oh Uncle Jim, Uncle Jim! Did you ever have anything to hide?"

For Milly had just met Mrs. Penelope and that good woman had demanded the story of her life. Not that Mrs. Penelope had any right to pry into the past of this girl—but that was the way of

Hopeville.

Hopeville! How Milly had loved that name at first! Now she knew the town, knew it was just as cold and forbidding as Nature had arranged it on that day when she first came to Hopeville. With chill fingers Autumn had stripped this New England landscape of all tenderness. There was no compassion in the sun's meager warmth; it held only a threat of the Winter that was ahead.

With the cold wind piercing her, Milly had explored the whole neighborhood, her frank grey eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing as she faced the breeze, her blonde hair flowing about her face. As she walked she whistled a gay little tune and her feet caught the rhythm of the song. She loved to walk, and though the stark hills repelled her, she found a grim pleasure in wandering along the rocky paths that zigzagged to the rounded summits.

It was on that first day in Hopeville that she had found the old graveyard in its bleak and unprotected setting on the hillside. She had wandered among the graves and held whimsical conversations with the dead. Her eyes caught the words:

*"Faithful Benson, aged 76, daughter
of John and Hannah Benson."*

A spinster! Would she be the kind to understand? Had there been a beautiful courtship in her life, and had she then remained faithful to that dead lover? Perhaps love and passion had never come to this woman to torture her soul.

Milly turned to another grave that had taken her fancy. It read:

"James Horner, aged sixty-five."

His marble tombstone lay flat on the grave. No one had thought it worth while to raise it again. He was forgotten!

Milly felt a kinship with that grave. And she had adopted James Horner.

"Uncle Jim, I'm going to make good here. You watch me! And if you see me stepping aside one little bit, just jerk my sleeve, I'll understand." And the girl's face rippled with smiles as she patted the marble stone lovingly. There was a simplicity about her candid expression and delicately moulded features that gave her an appearance of childlike innocence.

"I've always wanted an uncle just like

you. Good, kind and full of love!—Great strength of character! Oh there's nothing like a strong man who couldn't ever be led away by temptation. That's you, Uncle Jim!"

And to this grave, dreary and forgotten, the girl often came. Her joys and sorrows alike she cast upon the grave and imagined he shared them. Milly found none of the gruesomeness that most people find in a cemetery. It was like a story book to her. She liked to weave a romance about these people, or to imagine the joys, the struggles, the besetting sins of their lives.

Today Milly's smile was bitter. She had loved Hopeville in spite of its austere appearance. She had loved its people in spite of their tendency to pry out all the secrets of their neighbors. At first it seemed to her that there was a personal protection in the boasted uprightness of the town. Its appearance of purity and comfort, the trim white homes with green shuttered windows, along the tree shaded street, soothed her troubled soul and gave her promise.

And Milly had needed this promise of hope. She had torn herself away from the city and from her old associates. She was sick of a life of dissipation, and in the six months since she had taken the position in the office of the Textile Mills in Hopeville, she had experienced a real joy that she had never known before.

It was always with a singing heart that Milly Seldon entered the office. Her employer, John Middleton, was kind. It was an awkward kindness, to be sure. He was slow in his movements, slow to see when he could be of help. By the time he had raised his tall, stooped figure to give her a hand in moving the typewriter or a heavy chair, the girl would have it in place and be at her work, unconscious of the fact that he had desired to help. She was independent, never asking him to do things for her, rather surprised if he did. But the man's kindly brown eyes and serious, thoughtful face, assured Milly of security in his friendship.

Here, where she worked with him, was her real home. She found pleasure in doing the work that nothing else in life had given her. With the young people on their sleighing parties or dances, her

mind might glimpse for a moment, her old associates in the city, but at the office they never stole in to trouble her.

John Middleton was not slow in seeing that Milly enjoyed her work and did it with a thoroughness that he had never before found in a secretary. He loved to watch her. Engrossed in her work she seemed to flit about the room, her cheeks flushed, her eyes aglow with eagerness. At first he had looked at her in some alarm, she seemed so frail beside the country girls of his acquaintance; and she worked so steadily, her long delicately shaped fingers almost flew as they fluttered the pages of the ledger or pressed the keys of her typewriter.

It was only occasionally that their talk turned on other matters than the work of the office. Once, when she had been

there only a day or two, he had stopped in the middle of dictating a letter and with a chuckling laugh said, "Oh Miss Seldon, you know you have to keep your toes to a chalk mark here, or the good citizens of our town will formally invite you to go elsewhere." Milly had given a little start and then laughed with him.

"Oh you laugh, but it wasn't a laughing matter for Amos Smith and his wife. They were harboring an undesirable character in their home, and so the whole family had to go."

Milly looked at him with astonishment. She wasn't laughing now. "But how could they *make* them go? I didn't know a town could do such a thing."

"Ah you have much to learn, Miss Seldon, about the ways of a small New England town. And you must remember that an upright town had to keep its good reputation. That was a Puritan custom and a mighty good one. That's what I was told when I tried to intercede for the Smiths. I'm just warning you in advance, you see," and John Middleton leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily. "Yes, it's a highly proper town, Miss Seldon!" Then he finished dictating the letter without further comment.

John Middleton was the pride of Hopeville. A bachelor, owner of the Textile Mills, comfortably off, good-looking in a way, he was popular in the community: one upon whom all mothers with growing daughters, turned calculating eyes.

Here in the narrowing atmosphere of a small town, John Middleton had grown up, and it was natural that he had imbibed some of the smugness of his village. He felt himself a giant in strength when he faced temptation. This very strength made him inclined to be intolerant with weakness either in man or woman.

There were times when he saw the narrowness of his life and grew weary of it. He yearned for a broader vision than Hopeville could give. Some day he was going to leave it. This he had told himself for years. But for the last few months it had been in his mind so strong-



Sometimes as she caught a glimpse of her straight young body she wondered if her whole life was to be wasted.

(Continued on page 48)



Interesting compositions can always be made with the aid of a mirror. This photograph shows a beautiful face and the upper half of a body that is perfect in its flesh tones.



A Literal Eve

By John McColl

"I just won't wear that costume,"
She stormed, but Mr. Saul,
The manager, commanded,
"Wear that or none at all."

She was quite lit'ral minded.
That evening Mr. Saul
Was horrified to see her
Dancing in "none at all"!

Teddy Talbot Tattles



HOOPS! Here I am in New York, and there's Times Square out there through the east window, and Broadway running through it slantwise like a loose chemise

ribbon, and oh boy, I've arrove. It was a long pull from Altoona, Pa., but it hadda be done. So I parked the particular boy friend with a safe little female with tortoise-shell glasses,—told her to take good care of him while I was gone—threw a slipper and an extra pair of undies in a bag—and hopped on board a

wonderful gorgeous choo-choo that set me down right in the middle of the great big city. Oooh—I hope it's as wicked as it's cracked up to be—I'm gonna have more fun!

* * * *

First stop beauty parlor—oh, what they didn't do to little Teddy! I look two years younger and ten years wiser. It's all over now as far as the home folks are concerned. If they saw me they'd disown me. What a bob—I always was a red-head but never quite so arrogant about it. . . arrogant is the word. Gettin'

a past is like learnin' to swim—all you have to do is relax . . .

* * * *

Lost in the underground caverns! Chapter Two in our heroine's spectacular arrival in the wilds of New York! It all happened when I went out to see the city with the mistaken idea that there was only one subway. I think they're most confusing, and I don't see how a girl all by her lonesome can be expected to find her way with only station signs you can't read through the dirty car windows to guide her. Finally rescued by a chival-



rous subway guard and a properly sympathetic policeman. Never mind, I won't ride in subways long—not after I meet some great big he-men with nice, fat pocketbooks.

* * * *

Men are funny things. There was the strange bird in the next Pullman chair to mine on the long trek from Altoona. Not bad-looking at all, only he was so damn' serious. After he'd almost made up his mind five times to speak to me—I could see it in the whites of his eyes—he starts scribbling on a piece of paper and then shoves it at me, registerin' nervousness. I take it and read:

*Convention is a funny word
It almost breaks my heart
It should mean "Come together"
But does mean "Stay apart."*

Well, I thought that was cute and said so, and after that there was no restraining him. He killed the time between

Tyrone and Harrisburg with the weather; but by the time we pulled through Conewago he was hitting on all twelve and telling me what a wonderful little girl I was and you know the rest of that story. Always grateful for a little appreciation, that's me; and as for the rest, we'll see if he looks me up in a coupla days as he promised. Not that I'm losing any sleep about it—time enough for that later. Plenty of other fish in the Aquarium.

* * * *

Frantic telegram from the slate and anthracite baron of Altoona—that's Dad—**COME HOME AT ONCE STOP OTHERWISE GO TO DEVIL. WIRED REPLY WILL DO NEITHER UNTIL NECESSARY.** That's that. I guess Dad doesn't know I'm more to be petted than scorned.

Who knows what another day will bring? What I've seen I've liked. Night, boys—see you tomorrow!



ART of the CAMERA



In selecting poses for models the photographer must remember that certain parts of the body become distorted in difficult positions. This photograph is unusual in its fineness of line.

—PHOTO BY HERMAN





Combining an alluring expression with a delicate drapery arrangement, makes this study an unusually attractive one. The pose of the figure is at once arresting and pleasing to the eye.

—PHOTO BY HERMAN



Flawless beauty of line is shown in this study of a back. Note the perfect sweep from the nape of the neck to the tip of the toe. The arms outstretched in graceful position also add to creating an exquisite piece of work.

—PHOTO BY HENNINGSEN



*This pose, the last, comes from a time when
the model study was still the focus of the
figure from the hips down to the foot of the
right leg.*

—PHOTO BY HERMAN





This photograph is unusual in that it combines a graceful back with a glimpse of a well-rounded breast. The position of the arm at the head and the facial expression finish an artistic composition.

—PHOTO BY EDWIN BOWER HESSER

The Law of Averages

By Algernon Free

When a beautiful girl goes broke in Paris and is rescued by a blasé young American, there are more ways than one of settling the score



MARTIN had decided to go nowhere for the evening. His apartment, filled with the trophies of his many travels, was more real comfort than any of the expensive hotels, clubs or night clubs.

He lolled comfortably in Japanese dressing gown and slippers in a chair that aided and abetted lolling magnificently, and improved his sadly neglected smoke ring technique.

Feeling that peculiar sensation which comes to one who is convinced that there is another person in the room with them, though no objective thing has been noticed, Martin swung around to behold a vision of loveliness, more roseate than any of his dreams. He could not recall her name, nor their place of meeting, but that they had met he felt quite certain. For just a moment he was afraid that she was merely a trick of his subconscious, a hallucination called up and vividly objectified by his dreaming mind. But she moved toward him and held out both of her hands. He rose and took both of them into his own. They were cool and soft—like rose petals and, obeying a whimsical impulse he bent over and touched his lips to them, noting that they were white and pink, literally perfumed

of youth—the hands of a girl not more than twenty.

"You gave me quite a start," he confessed. She smiled lightly, like a child pleased with the consummation of some joke.

"Don't you know what possessed me to do it," she pronounced in liquid tones, faintly husky, reminding him of the skin of a fresh peach. "Found the front door ajar, pushed it open, saw that delicious oriental lamp in the hall with its warm red glow, and just naturally came along in—quite dreadful, wasn't it?"

Martin was aware that he was acting like a schoolboy. He had not even asked her to be seated. He just stood there and frankly admired her. She took him literally by the throat, used as he was to feminine beauty, there is a magic in youth that surmounts all degrees of sophistication. Trying vainly to recall her name he motioned her to a chair, but she shook her head and leaned gracefully back against the table which stood by his chair. He sank back into the chair and stared up at her charmed but disconcerted.

"It's an ideal setting for you—this room," she went on, serious now. I've often thought of you in the last two years, and always I've seen you in some such setting as this. You are, I think, the nicest looking, if also the most dan-



"You remember, it was at the Americaine, shortly after midnight. You were all alone at a

gerous looking male I have ever encountered. I've tried more than once to describe your hair, black and shot with little flecks of white, to girls who bragged about good looking men they have known, but I'd sort of forgotten exactly how it looked."

If he had not known that the notion was absurd, he would have thought that he was blushing.

"You haven't changed a bit," she went on, leaning back in contemplation against the table, displaying graphically the tiger-like softness and flexible beauty of her superb young body beneath the clinging, shiny material of the evening gown which she wore.

"You're just exactly as you were that night in Paris . . ."
Like a flash, half memories stabbed at



table, looking divinely bored . . . if you could know how good you looked to me then"

him, but he could not drag them wholly into the conscious.

"I more than half believe you've forgotten," she chided him with an adorable pout that for the moment banished twin dimples. As she went on, memory gradually came to him, and the reason also came why he had not at once recognized her. In Paris, she had been merely a beautiful young girl; since then she had

blossomed, come into the full beauty and bloom of youth at its most adorable stage.

"You remember, it was at the Americaine, shortly after midnight. You were all alone at a table, looking quite divinely bored; I knew that you were about to leave—and oh, if you could know how good you looked to me then. A country-

(Continued on page 56)



No more interesting problem faces the artist than the fusing of the white of the body with a drapery of contrasting whiteness. The pearls, in this instance, have been shaded to enhance the tones of this girlish figure.

—PHOTO BY HERMAN

The Price of Passion

By Francis Drake

Jazz, liquor and a stunning man may cause an innocent girl to succumb,—but how about facing the music when the blare subsides?

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Flo, an unawakened girl of eighteen, comes to Hollywood to go into the movies at the suggestion of her friends, Mrs. Patterson and her daughter, Thelma. Thelma, who is already in pictures, gets her a start as an extra, where she meets Dick Jordan, the popular leading man.

Dick becomes interested in her and invites her to see a preview of his latest picture. Mrs. Patterson, who is familiar with Hollywood tactics, urges Flo to go and gives her some of her own clothes. After the picture Flo and Dick motor to the "X" Club, where her stunning appearance, the crowds, the jazz and many drinks stir the flames of passion in Flo. She forgets everything except that she wants Dick's burning caresses and when he tenderly picks her up in his arms and carries her out of the room she remains in a delicious stupor that asks for nothing but ardent lover. Let Flo tell the rest of it herself:—

When I woke up, it seemed that I had been through a beautiful dream. I rubbed my eyes sleepily and in the soft light of a rose-shaded lamp I saw Dick pacing up and down the room nervously smoking a cigaret. He turned quickly when he heard me move and in an instant he was by my side. "Where am I?" was all I could say.

"It's all right, darling," he said quiet-

ly. "This is our little love-nest . . . we are still in the "X" Club . . . just a little private room . . . how do you feel?"

I sat up on the satin covered lounge and looked about me in amazement. It was a small room with a large French window leading out to a little balcony. The furniture was tinted a light rose color and there were thick Chinese rugs on the floor.

"Oh, Dick, how did I ever get here?" I asked, thoroughly puzzled.

"I carried you up, sweetie . . . thought you needed a little rest. Shall we go down and dance a little and have a bite?"

"What time is it?" I asked, feeling inwardly that something terrible had happened.

"It's only one o'clock . . . early yet . . . come on—what do you say?"

I got up and looked at myself in the mirror. My hair was mussed and my frock had become unhooked. I arranged my hair and dabbed some powder on my face as Dick came up behind me and hooked the dress. "You're my little sweetheart now—and we'll have some wonderful times." Then he put his arms around my waist and kissed the back of my neck. I didn't quite understand what he meant as my mind was all confused. I was still sleepy and in a mysterious haze.

"Please take me home, Dick," I said

as he turned me around and kissed me again on the mouth. I felt sick at my stomach and my mouth was as dry as dust. "I'll never drink another thing as long as I live!" I sobbed as he led me down the narrow staircase that opened out on the balcony outside the dance floor.

On our way out the check girl gave Dick his hat and said with a half-cynical smile, "It's a wild night for the sailors." He smiled back and gave her a dollar tip.

I went to sleep on Dick's shoulder on the way home and had a terrible dream that something gruesome had happened. All night I tossed and turned in my bed. I felt so strange—like a different person.

* * * *

After that night things happened fast. Mrs. Patterson and Thelma left for New York shortly as Thelma had to make some scenes for her new picture there. That left me alone in the house, except for the servants and a Mrs. Jameson, who was to live with me as a chaperon.

I learned later that she was what is called a "professional mother." That is, she acted as "mother," or chaperon for single girls who were working in the movies. She was a flashily dressed old lady and knew her business. Never once did she warn me that I was playing with fire. In fact, she used to encourage me to go to places with Dick and never said a word when we stayed out until the early hours of the morning.

Almost every night Dick would bring some of his "private stock" and we would mix cocktails and then drive out in his car. Then we always went to the "X" Club. No matter where we were driving, he would say, "Honey, let's drop in the old place and see what's up." It always ended the same way—more drinks and then the little love-nest. But it was as much my fault as his.

I had really learned to love Dick. He was so kind to me and all the girls on the "lot" were jealous of the attention he paid me. While I didn't look to him as my "meal-ticket," I did realize that he could help me to success in the movies. Besides—and this is the part that I am ashamed of—I really had become dependent on his love.

After that first night, it seemed that each minute that we were together was a

bit of Heaven. The real fact was that it was a bit of Hell dragging me down to its flaming depths at a fearful pace. Those wild nights at the "X" Club brought out everything that was vile in my nature. I was only happy when Dick was loving and caressing me; and when I was alone a sharp pang of passion would go through me like a knife—and I would long for him.

The next month was a happy one for me—but it was too passionately hectic to last.

* * * *

The abrupt end came like a shot in the night. We were planning to have dinner together at home and then go to the "X" Club after, and Dick was to meet me at seven at my house. He was an hour late. When he came in, I saw in an instant that something was wrong. His face was flushed and he was as nervous as a cat. He walked right past me to the kitchen and called me after him. He had taken a bottle of whiskey from his coat and was pouring a drink as I reached his side.

"Dick, what on earth is the matter?" I asked frantically.

"Pack up in fifteen minutes, we're leaving." That is all he said. As he reached for the bottle again, I rushed up to him and flung my arms around his neck and started to cry. "Please tell me what's the matter—Oh Dick, you look terrible!" He kissed me lightly; his breath was reeking with liquor and it sickened me.

Finally he looked me straight in the eyes. "Flo, sweetheart—something *has* happened . . . we are going to leave California for a little while . . . we'll drive down to Tia Juana tonight . . . See a little of Mexico . . . don't worry, everything will be all right . . . I'll explain later . . . just you hurry and get ready." I was frantic. What had caused this sudden change in him? Before I could move, he said sharply, "Hurry up and pack."

I don't know to this day what force within me prompted me to obey him. Possibly it was the thought of having him leave me. I knew that would kill me. I wanted him to come up and help me get ready, but he stayed right in the kitchen and drank whiskey and smoked

one cigarette at another. Mrs. Jamieson was away so we left a note. Dick told me what to write. It simply said "Called away unexpectedly—letter following. Flo & Dick."

Just then the thought struck me to ask about the picture we were working in "What will Milton say when we don't show up at the studio tomorrow?" I asked anxiously. He grew impatient and looked at his wrist-watch. "Oh, to hell with him—he can take some of the 'shots' without me, and I tell you WE MUST GO NOW!"

We drove for miles at a reckless speed without a word. Finally he stopped the car beside a lonely road, drew out his flask and took a long drink. Then he lit a cigarette and drew me to him.

"Honey, she is after me again . . . it would ruin both of our lives if she ever found me in Hollywood with you . . . we must stay away until the thing blows over."

"What thing . . . if who finds out?" I

cried in amazement. Then he explained the cause of our hurried flight in slow, even tones.

As I look back I don't see how he could have been so calm. Every word was like a dagger stuck in my heart—and he was so matter-of-fact; it nearly killed me.

* * * *

Needless to say, by the time we had been shown to our rooms in the hotel in Tia Juana I was ready to die. Why hadn't he told me before that he was married? No one in Hollywood knew it. The "writeups" in the moving picture magazines always spoke of him as the "charming bachelor of filmdom." And now his wife had come from Chicago to cause trouble. She had friends in Hollywood who had kept the secret but who had written her about me.

I could see my dreams of the future going up like the smoke of a burning

(Continued on page 58)



"It's all right, darling," he said quietly. "This is our little love-nest . . . just a little private room . . . how do you feel?"

And Still More Spice

A LASSO NEEDED

"Hello, Alice, heard you're getting married."

"Yes, on the second."

"The second of January?"

"No, the second he proposes."

* * *

He—Elaine dear, I'll give you a pretty bracelet if you'll leave your sister and I alone.

Elaine—I don't want a pretty bracelet.

He—Then what do you want?

Elaine—I wanna watch.

* * *

The modern novel—those facts about people that were formerly kept exclusively for the family physician.

* * *

The plot of a new play which the Censor has banned is that a woman gets "tight," mistakes her husband's friend for her husband, and next day isn't sure how far her indiscretion has gone.

We'll lay 5 to 1 that, had the play been produced, she'd be the only person in the theatre to have the least doubt about it.

* * *

Wellesley—I never kiss a new acquaintance for twenty-four hours.

Smith—Heavens, I never kiss *anybody* for more than twenty minutes!—*Mass Voo Doo*.



"Talking about the weather, this sure is the fraternity kind."

"How come?"

"Everybody is getting the grip."

* * *

INTEREST AND PRINCIPLE

She—No, Harry, it's my principle never to pet while motoring.

He—Then if I park will you pay me a little interest.

* * *

MEAN, MEAN MEN

Mildred—Does your husband talk in his sleep?

Helen—No, and it's most aggravating to sit there and just watch him smile.

* * *

WINGED FROM THE "WINGS"

"I've got a speaking part in the next show. Have you too, darling?"

"No! The producer said I was too beautiful for words!"

* * *

TRUE, QUITE TRUE

"I'm cutting quite a figure," said the vanity beauty, as she was hurled through the windshield in the auto accident.

* * *

Kid (after ringing the doorbell nine times)—'S all right, mamma, it's not the installment man—'s only me.





She—What are you trying to pull off?

He—You ought to know. You dress yourself, don't you?—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.*

* * *

Very soon might be "The most-married woman in the world, formerly known as the best-dressed woman in the world!"

* * *

"Poor little girl, you're lost, are you, why didn't you hang on to your mother's dresses?"

Little Girl: "I couldn't reach them."

* * *

The title of a new film is, "Why Do Women Love?"

Sometimes, surely, it is to pay a little bill!

* * *

POLISHED

"What special courses is your daughter taking at college?"

"Cigarette inhalation, high-ball construction, genteel snubbing and general cosmetics."

* * *

IT'S ACCORDING

She—Do you always take the other girls for such long rides?

He—No, it's not always necessary.

* * *

He—What were you doing this afternoon, when I 'phoned you?

She—I was helping father around the house.

He—Was he drunk again?

"I cannot say 'Yes,' Harry, but I promise I will always be a sister."

"What! a sister to me? No, you won't."

"Why, yes, Harry. Your brother proposed to me last night and I accepted."

* * *

Grandma—Why does Harold keep calling you his baby doll?

Betty—I don't know; maybe it's because I keep him up so late nights.

UNANIMOUS

"Gosh, what a fright I got at the party last night!"

"Since you mention it, I'll say she was."

* * *

She—Do you know why I refused you?

He—I can't think.

She—That's right.

* * *

He—Do you flirt?

She—That's my business.

He—That's mine, too. Let's incorporate.

* * *

He—You're the only girl I ever loved.

She—Do you expect me to believe it?

He—Why not? Others have.

* * *

"Stop sniffing, little boy. Can't you do something with your nose?" the austere old lady asked on the crowded street car.

"Yes'm," returned the lad politely, "I can keep it out of other folks' business."





In making photographs for theatrical use, the different drapes used will differentiate them from the usual run. In this case Thelma Parr, the model, need only smile and there's a world of a difference.

—PHOTO BY EDWIN BOWER HESSER

STAGE and SCREEN

Comment and Review on the New York Theatres



JUST about this time, when one is beginning to look longingly at bed-room slippers, lounging robe, openfireplaces, a good snappy magazine such as PEP! and one's favorite pipe, the Shuberts would come out with such a revue as *Gay Paree*. Say, how can a fellow (or even a girl) stay at home when wherever he goes he's greeted with, "Have you seen *Gay Paree*?" Well, we went—and Oh, migosh—it's gorgeous. The scenery and costumes are indescribably beautiful. Such lavishment and splendor has seldom, if ever before, been seen on the New York stage. The various scenes follow one another in rapid succession, closely interwoven with laughter, song and dancing. There's a chorus of beautiful dancing girls who are perfectly trained. Their rapidity of movement, originality of stepping and grouping defies competition. Then, at the Winter Garden, Chic Sales and Winnie Lightner are always dependable for peppy, delightful comedy. It's no use talking—*Gay Paree* is the gayest and most impressive entertainment in town. You'll simply have to go and see it, that's all.

* * *

If you're inclined to do some more steppin' and want some more of the swift-moving, easy-to-look-at kind of amusement, then your next bet is *Oh, Kay!* Before we tell you what it's about we've simply got to give you a little history of the show. ('Y'know, that's usual with those who prescribe, *n'est-ce pas?*) To continue: Gertrude Lawrence, the star, is one and the same of *Charlot's Revue* fame. George Gershwin, who wrote the music for *Tip-Toes* and *Lady Be Good*, has in no way diminished his delightfully original style in this piece. Why, already

we're whistling *Do Do Do* and *Clap Those Hands*. And the humorous lines being supplied by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse, what more could you want in one show? Oh, *Kay!* is smart, sophisticated and delightful; don't miss it.

* * *

And so, *Twinkle, Twinkle*, at the Liberty, coming after the aforementioned splendor, does suffer *un peu*. It's a musical comedy, which follows musical comedy lines nicely. It really has more of a plot, though, than most musical shows and much more laughs. The music is enjoyable, but that chorus! What pep! what charm! what dancers, and yop! what lookers. Every time they come on, the whole stage seems to vibrate with motion and rhythm. Don't worry about this one,—while it doesn't throw a gang of spectacular headlines at you, it does promise heaps of fun through the efforts of Joe E. Brown and Flo Lewis.

* * *

If you believe in axioms (particularly if you love to quote them) you'll enjoy *Seed of the Brute*, and how! Its plain, unvarnished truths and honest expression of emotion have placed it in the center of the New York stage. The axiom we refer to—is the one about *As ye sow, so shall ye reap*. And doesn't this small-town sheik find that out! You see in his youth, so goes the story, this young man was passionately fond of women. (We here emphasize the plural.) And in his later life the consequences of these affairs turn up unexpectedly to harass him. It's an obvious, truthful representation of a phase of life which ordinarily would be hidden in the skeleton closet. Robert Ames and Hilda Vaughn deliver two of the most convincing and powerful performances of the season.

* * *

First Love is a sweet, nothing-to-brag-about play. It's a sweet nothing—INTER-

RUPTION—Our side-kick here wants to know whether or not Fay Bainter is nothing to brag about. Excuse us. *First Love* is a sweet, entertaining, vivacious play with FAY BAITER. Of course, you and I both know that any father who is a Count would balk at his son's living with a no-account girl who's in Paris studying medicine. What difference does it make that she's pure, beautiful and oh, so good? None. But the grand Count unknowingly, falls in love with the same girl. Yes, she's a great girl, Fay is, and Bruce McRae as the father is just fine.

* * *

Everybody knows, that is everybody who has as yet not passed their fifth birthday—that Innocence and Virtue always triumph in the end. Such is the *Pearl of Great Price*, at the Casino. It's glorified allegory and symbolism, polished up with lavish stage settings. The tale's about a dear young thing from the country. Her name's Pilgrim. Anyhow, to the wild city Pilgrim would come and almost at once she becomes enmeshed in the web of Luxury, Drunkenness, Lust, Wanton, Greed, Poverty, Idle Rich and so on and so forth, represented by exquisitely gowned and glittering people. There are some exciting moments and even a thrill or two but then a copy of any of Mr. McFadden's true story magazines will teach you the same moral lesson.

* * *

Say, d'yuh enjoy a bit of gossip now and then? Of course you do. Well, then, you'll enjoy a novel stunt pulled off in Molnar's delightful comedy, *The Play's the Thing*. Oh, before we go on—This play of Molnar's sets out to demonstrate the truth of Shakespeare's well-known line, *Al the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players*. In the first act the usual introductory conversation is dispensed with by the actors stepping to the footlights and telling the audience their names, ages and previous conditions of servitude. How's that for informality? The plot's an unusually good one and so terribly involved you'd only get all mixed up if we tried to describe it. Holbrook Blinn is in the cast. That should be enough.

* * *

Try to keep two people apart, two people of the opposite sex, and see what hap-

pens. You guessed it. They get married. George Kelly, author of *The Show Off* and *Craig's Wife*, has written another splendid character portrayal with his *Daisy Mayme*. An ordinary, middle-class man who's a bachelor and has an adopted daughter and two dependent married sisters — UGH — meets Daisy Mayme. Daisy's a nice girl. The practical, blustering, inclined-to-the-vulgar sort. What spinster answering Daisy's description wouldn't jump at the chance to marry the bachelor in the case? The opposition of the sisters afford some amusing and trying moments but Daisy wins. Hooray!

* * *

Knowing how very sprightly a Shaw comedy can be, we didn't begrudge having to hie ourselves to the Guild Theatre to see his play *Pygmalion*. After we got there we were entranced. Our especial favorite, Lynn Fontanne, is in the piece, and supporting her Henry Travers, Helen Westley and Reginald Mason. It's all about a poor little flower girl who is picked up in the streets by a Professor of Phonetics. He bets that after teaching her to speak correctly and then dressing her for the part he can pass her off as a Duchess. He wins. The cast is capable and the scenic effects excellent. There's no reason why you shouldn't enjoy this one.

* * *

Now, really, must you know about all the plays in town? We're getting writer's cramp and besides they're all so good it's a shame to discriminate. We'll gladly recommend *An American Tragedy* and *The Captive* as the best dramas of the season. By all means see *The Captive*; we've never before had anything like this one and pretty soon almost every other play will be somewhat like it. (That because of the box office receipts.) *Broadway* is the best comedy drama, *Countess Maritza* is the best operetta and *Oh, Kay!* and *Queen High* take the musical comedy honors. *Katja* and *The Wild Rose* are tuneful and good to look at, while among those you ought to see are *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, *Yellow*, *The Ramblers*, *Two Girls Wanted*, *Loose Ankles* and *The Noose*. *Americana* furnishes entertainment in revue form for the sophisticated and George White's *Scandals*, while not as gorgeous as *Gay Paree*, contains



more amusing features and the best talent in any revue. *The Shanghai Gesture* and *Lulu Belle*, hold-overs from last season, can be recommended as well-staged and very finely acted melodramas.

* * *

AND NOW FOR THE MOVIES

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* * *

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Letter



A SINNER IN HOPEVILLE

(Continued from page 23)

ly that he had secretly made an effort to sell the Mills. But what to do and where to go? Outside of Hopeville he had no friends.

It was only when Spring's first message of hope showed in the bleak hills that Milly settled down to a feeling of security in her new life. She had found peace.

And then Walter Brooks had come home from his studies in New York. He met Milly face to face in the village street and confronted her in astonishment.

"Well of all things! What are you doing in this town? This is certainly my good-luck day to find you here. Why did you leave New York?"

The girl grew cold in terror as she recognized him. There was a nasty leer in his smile as he grabbed her arm. "This is the best news I've had for a long time. It's good to see one of the old bunch, I am bored to death in this burg. But do tell, why did you break away from Winton? I always thought that was a real love affair. At least you told me that when you used to turn me down."

Milly Seldon simply stared as if she

were living through a nightmare. "What was Walter Brooks doing here? It must be a bad dream." But there before her was the blotchy, unwholesome face of Walter Brooks, a face so weak that it disgusted the girl.

But the insinuating voice kept on. "You know I always liked you Milly, and tried hard enough to get you away from Joe Winton, but you never could see me. Down here among these rubes you'll be glad of an old friend. Hey girlie?"

At last Milly heard her own voice, that seemed to echo with every sound. She was saying: "Walter Brooks, listen to me. I left New York because I wanted to live differently. I'm working here, I'm living decently and I am happy. I don't want your attentions here any more than I did in the city. I want to forget all that and make good."

The youth leered impudently into her face. "So you know my mother and sisters?"

"I did not know they were anything to you. They've been very kind."

"Well, they won't be any more, when I tell them what I know about you. The sort of life you led in New York. Of course I'll not squeal on you if you'll play around with me and be friends. We could have a good time here if you say the word."

"No, no, Walter, I can't. My life has been clean since I came here and I want to stay. Give me a chance. Please don't tell them, Walter. You were one of us there."

But Walter had his chance at last to break the girl. Before he had been in town a week, the tongues of Hopeville were wagging with scandal about Milly. The Brooks girls passed her on the street and openly snubbed her. And Mrs. Penelope made it her business to investigate.

Milly decided to live down the gossip. She would conduct herself so that these people would see that whatever her past had been she was living right now. She attended church, she tried to mix with the young people again but was received with a coldness that chilled her. On the few occasions that Milly went to any entertainment after the scandal got about, she found herself cornered by the busybodies and pried with questions for the whole evening.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

(Continued)

Mary's got one little fault—

It fills her with remorse;

No sooner's Mary married, than,

She wants a new divorce.

She—I notice there are a lot of simple things in evening gowns this season.

He—Yes, I have been dancing with one all evening.

THE MODERN BLUSH

I told the maiden of my love

The color left her cheeks,

And on the shoulder of my coat

It showed for several weeks.



He—You can't wear that gown, dear, it shows your figure as if you have nothing on.

She—well, there's nothing wrong with my figure is there?

POOR POP

"Elaine, have you been smoking?"

"No, mother."

"But there is tobacco odor on your breath."

"Father kissed me goodbye."

"But father doesn't smoke."

"I know, but his secretary does."

AND STILL MORE SPICE

(Continued)



"How do you like the modern magazine?"

"Well, there isn't much under cover."
—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

"I understand that Norwegian boys and girls go on skiing parties that last for weeks."

"That's all right—if they keep their skis on."
—*Lehi Burr.*

"It runs in the best of families."

"What's that, a silk stocking?"

"No, the water in the kitchen sink."

—*Lafayette Lyre*

"What's the difference between a wild horse and a tame horse?"

"Only a little bit."

—*Black and Blue Jay*



Milly was frightened, confused; and instead of answering up quickly without any hesitation, she had stammered. And that was an unforgivable blunder, there was something very suspicious about a person who stammered.

There was only one place in Hopeville where the atmosphere was cheerful and sympathetic. That was in the office, and because John Middleton was kind and paid no attention to the gossip about her, Milly fell in love with him.

If the man noticed her devotion he gave no sign of seeing it. No woman could find a place in his heart. He was certain of that. There had been a love affair when he was in college, more ardent on his part because of the indifference and coldness of the girl. He imagined that no other woman could make him care, and he had remained true to her memory even though she was married to another. No one in Hopeville knew the story, he was not a man to confide in anyone. Gradually the ardor of that love had cooled and because of that thwarted desire the man seemed devoid of any great emotion. He would often philosophize like an old man whose zest for living as well as the passions of life had quieted down.

Day after day Milly felt his cool but kindly eyes watching her. She was lonely. She wanted love. She was made for love. Sometimes as she caught a glimpse of her straight young body she wondered if her whole life was to be wasted. Perhaps it would have been better if she had gone on with the old life? There had been love of a sort. She had left it behind because her soul was instinctively pure and her heart yearned for home and children
(to be continued)

What will be the result of Milly's meeting with Walter? Will she become discouraged and again sink to the old method of living or will she, in spite of his threats, make good? Read of Milly's decision in next month's PEP!

STILL WATERS RUN DEEP

(Continued from page 7)

girl replied, almost coldly.

"You're a relief to the eyes after the other girl who used to wait on me," Syd chatted on familiarly. "She had a lovely disposition—but she sadly needed it."

The girl smiled frigidly, but offered no answer.

Syd studied her more intently. By Jove, unless he was greatly mistaken, she was actually blushing! It was apparent even under the delicate trace of rouge. He was surprised at the aura of sweetness and modesty hovering about her. It was a rare thing to find in a girl nowadays.

"How about a little spin when you get off?" he suggested audaciously.

The girl held a spoon poised in midair while she favored him with the full proof of her icy eyes.

"I don't know you," she said primly. "And he doesn't like for us to talk too much with the customers."

The "he" she indicated with a slight inclination of her head was Pete, the olive-complexioned, portly Greek who owned the restaurant. He was standing behind the cash register talking to his wife, a corpulent, dowdily-dressed woman.

"Oh, all right, little iceberg," Syd retorted, camouflaging his discomfiture with a tolerant grin.

But it was far from being all right with him all the rest of the day. The girl's face hovered in the background of his thoughts. Dreamily he contemplated how blissful it would be to hold her budding figure throbbingly close, trembling to the quiver of her fresh, tempting lips under his. He felt that he could never be satisfied until he had experienced it.

Now, Syd had felt that way about a great many other women—and anticipation had become realization on most of these occasions. In fact, he had become somewhat cloyed with it all—kisses that were too fervid to be sincere, caresses which he suspected of being inspired by

Does a getting party stop with a kiss or does it go further? Is spooning dangerous? At last the question is answered. See "Safe Counsel"—Page 109.



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the clink of gold. Especially on that day, perhaps because of a particularly hectic party the night before, was he surfeited with complaisant femininity.

The thought of marriage at times had presented itself, but it had made him shudder. Where would he find a girl good enough to marry? Those of his set smoked and drank with him—and kissed him wantonly, too. How could he trust one of them enough to marry her? Alas, he knew them only too well!

But the girl at the Gem—well, she was different. All innocence and sweetness. And she knew how to make a fellow keep his distance. Decidedly, he must contrive to know her better.

But despite the fact that he was a connoisseur in that sort of thing, a month had slipped by before he could induce her to go out with him. Highly elated, he met her promptly at the corner she had designated. He was filled with smug satisfaction as she sank into the seat beside him in his glittering coupé, for he was certain she was the prettiest, daintiest girl in town.

"Suppose we go out to Lake Pearl and canoe a while," he suggested. "It's about the coolest thing we can do."

The girl—he had discovered her name to be Jacqueline Lorren—noddod a reticent consent, so Syd swerved away from the heavy traffic and headed toward the outskirts of the city.

Once upon the lake, with a huge, smokily-orange moon dangling overhead, he became intoxicated with the stirring romance of the situation. Jacqueline looked lovelier than ever seated there tranquilly at the other end of the canoe with the moon's rays making a shimmering halo about her wavy golden bob. An intense craving to crush her to his heart took possession of him.

"Let's land on Lovers' Exile for a minute," he proposed breathlessly, indicating a small, wooded island they were approaching.

"Isn't it rather late?" Jacqueline demurred hesitantly.

"We won't stay long," Syd promised. "I want to experience the sensation of being on a desert isle with you—just you and me."

"Silly!" Jacqueline chided coyly,



Edna Tonn is one of the Gertrude Hoffman dancers in the second edition of *A NIGHT IN PARIS*.

—PHOTO BY DE BARRON

laughing nervously.

When they had seated themselves on the sand near the water's edge, Syd, experienced philanderer that he was, extracted a silver flask from his hip pocket and offered it to Jacqueline.

"Try a little sip," he urged. "It's only mild cocktail. Pre-war stuff."

"I never drink," Jacqueline said, a bit shocked, he thought.

And despite his urging, she remained firm in her refusal, indeed, became even indignant. So, shrugging his shoulders resignedly, Syd took a long drink from the flask.

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And, as the liquor quickened his pulse, he became conscious of insistent little tentacles of desire tugging at his heart. Jacqueline was there beside him, so close that he sensed a subtle fragrance being wafted to his quivering nostrils. He wanted her close, close, his lips trembling against the sweetness of hers.

Suddenly he swept her to him and kissed her fluttering eyes, the soft hollow of her neck, her trembling, dewy lips. For a moment he imagined an abandoned yielding on her part. He was dizzy with ecstasy. Then Jacqueline's figure stiffened. She pushed him away sharply.

"You—you have no right to do that!" she gasped. "Let me go! You're taking advantage of me! Oh, please take me home!"

And all the way back to the city Syd's soul was singing a paean of rejoicing. The most beautiful girl he had ever met was *good*! She was pure and undefined. She wouldn't even tolerate any petting. And he loved her to distraction. At last he had found a girl he could ask to marry him—and not be forced to employ detectives to watch her afterward. For, so deep was his infatuation that he had recklessly swept aside the difference in their social status. He knew only that she was unutterably lovely and she was untainted. She must become his even if it meant wedding bells.

It was on the night they were having dinner at the Neverly Gardens that Syd proposed. To hold Jacqueline in his arms while they were dancing, so near, yet so exasperatingly far, was maddening. His blood was flowing like heated wine. So, after dinner, when they had strolled to a secluded part of the grounds, Syd laid his heart and his wealth at her feet. Jacqueline hesitated demurely, then graciously accepted him. For the first time Syd experienced the full sweetness of her lips, tingling with warm response, just one before she crept back into her shell of frigidity. But, despite her niggardiness in caresses, he was treading on the magical, billowy clouds that usually form the pathway of successful lovers.

Then one night about a week later, he received a cablegram from Havana requesting his immediate presence to un-

ravel some snarl or other that had developed in the branch of his business located there. The thought of leaving Jacqueline filled him with dismay—until a sudden glamorous idea flooded in upon him. Why not marry Jacqueline and take her along? Tonight! What a wonderful honeymoon it would be!

It was only then he remembered that he was ignorant of the girl's address, for whenever they had gone anywhere together Jacqueline had invariably insisted upon meeting him up town. But he lost no time in calling up the Gem and one of the girls there furnished him with Jacqueline's address. The next instant he was in a taxi and being bumped along, eager, palpitant, gloating.

Jacqueline's abode proved to be in a three-story apartment building. Syd searched along the wide hallway on the lower floor until he found the door bearing the number he sought. He knocked. There ensued a long wait while his heart pounded excitedly. He knocked again.

Finally the door was opened and Jacqueline faced him, a bewitching Jacqueline with tousled hair and one satiny, smooth shoulder and breast partly revealed where her blue silk dressing gown had slipped low. At sight of Syd, she recoiled with a little gasp of panic-stricken surprise.

Syd, however, drank in her neglected novelty only for an instant. His eyes were fairly popping from their sockets and his mouth hung agape as might that of a fish on land, as he looked over Jacqueline's shoulder into one of the rooms beyond.

A portly man, garbed in red awning-stripe pajamas was sitting there, idly turning over the pages of a magazine as he smoked a huge black cigar.

It was Pete, the Greek!



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Molly Ricardel in the grandest hit that ever "hit" town, BROADWAY. This is a Jed Harris production at the Broadhurst Theatre, New York. Molly is one of the chorus girls in the show.

—PHOTO BY MAURICE GOLDBERG

THE LAW OF AVERAGES

(Continued from page 37)

man . . . a kind, decent looking one—it was like suddenly seeing some cherished relative in a strange land. I rose and came over to your table without preliminaries and seated myself, leaving the rat whom I had come to the cafe with fuming at the table alone, afraid, in his

slimy heart, to get up and assert himself at the unusual affront. You asked me as calmly as though you had had an appointment with me, what I would like to drink, and I answered nothing—and then I leaned forward and told you my story . . . how I had come to Paris to study . . . run out of funds . . . gone hungry . . . exhausted my last day's credit at my lodgings . . . accepted the attentions of the thing which I had left at the other table . . . told you I had nowhere to go for the night . . . unless . . . and that as long as it had to be someone I would so much prefer you . . . a countryman . . . decent looking . . . even kind looking behind the mask of ennui . . . how easily you could have taken advantage of the situation . . ."

"Yes, I remember now," cut in Martin. "You convinced me absolutely. There was something behind your eyes that I knew was real."

"Do you remember what you asked me? You wanted to know,—oh, you were quite horrid, straight from the shoulder you demanded it, and I answered that I was as good as it was possible for a woman to be . . . I said it, not dreaming that you would believe. But you never questioned my assertion. Oh if you could have known the thrill of being believed instantly. If you could have known how I felt that night hungry, cold, frightened, lonesome, without money or friends, to see that kindly, softening light of belief spring to your eyes; and yet I somehow knew, too, that you were not what the world calls a 'good' man—I doubt that I should have found such instant understanding and sympathy in the eyes of a 'good' man after such a statement.

And then you asked me if I had not remained that way in spite of everything, because there was some one man, back home perhaps . . . I told you that there was. Do you remember what you said then?"

"I suppose it was some quite wretchedly cynical remark—though I do not recall the exact words."

"Yes, it was, cynical; that is, the general tenor of it all. You told me that you would give me passage money back to America and enough beside to outfit

(Continued on page 60)

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One of the prettiest girls on Broadway is Wanda Stevenson of Earl Carroll's VANITIES. Her expression is undoubtedly the reason why men leave home.

—PHOTO BY DE MIRJAN

THE PRICE OF PASSION

(Continued from page 41)

building. My career in pictures was certainly ruined. They would never take me back after the truth came out. It also would harm him. Dick was in great demand, but directors and film executives do not permit their stars to deliberately break contracts and leave an unfinished picture without just cause.

"Oh, how could he have deceived me this way," I asked myself. Then I broke down and sobbed bitterly.

In spite of this terrible blow, I still loved Dick. When I was in his arms and his clear, blue eyes looked at me with that queer, boyish expression, I just couldn't help yielding to him. I had grown as dependent on his love as an ordinary person is dependent on food and drink. After years of repression and never knowing the thrill of passion, I had suddenly become a slave to it.

* * * *

Then the worst thing of all happened. I found that I was going to become a mother. That weird, mysterious feeling that makes you love and hate, laugh and cry. When I told Dick he grew strangely pale and kissed me tenderly. Then he went out without saying a word.

* * * *

Dick never came back after that night. When my little boy came I seemed to find new strength. My entire viewpoint changed and I began to plan ways and means to support him and provide for our future. I brushed away the memory of those gruesome months in Tia Juana and returned to Hollywood where I secured work in the same "X" Club that ruined me. I am making enough to support by little baby boy and myself comfortably and have proven to my former friends that I could "come back."

I keep my eye on the many girls who, like myself, come to the "X" Club not suspecting the horrible monster PASSION who waits to be summoned only by a few drinks. Instead of encouraging, from my position as check-girl, I try to

save them from the tempting arms of Satan

The price of passion is high and not worth it.

THE END



ENID'S LATEST ESCAPEDE

(Continued from page 15)

thought that only temporary passion was swaying him. And he had lavished the love of a lifetime on her!

"Enid, I love you! I love you!" he said huskily, tottering dazedly above her. "Don't you understand? I wanted you to be my wife, not . . . I was trying to save you before it was too late, to shock and disgust you into seeing what might happen . . ." From his tortured soul gushed forth a groan of anguish.

Enid raised herself on a shaky elbow, dazed. One trembling hand fluttered for a moment before her eyes. The tender, passionate warmth of submission slid from her like a soft cloak. Visibly she hardened, once again clothed in the steely armor of cold cynicism.

She gave Lerner one contemptuous glance, and moved toward the door. "What an oil-can you turned out to be!" she sneered.

She stood up suddenly and with impatient motions tidied her hair and preened herself before the dressing table while the man who loved her looked on, dazed, indescribably wretched. Her personal appearance having been embellished to her satisfaction, she picked up a ring from the dressing table and slipped it into her vanity case.

AGE TURNED BACK



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THE LAW OF AVERAGES

(Continued from page 57)

myself presentably and make the voyage comfortably. You accepted me as I had offered myself, but said that you would defer collecting your end of the bargain. You told me to go back to this man, and, if I were as happy as I expected to be, to forget about you. But you also gave me your card and said that if my romance did not pan out as I imagined it would, and I turned away from this man and all of the marriage thing because of disappointment in him, or anything of that nature, to remember that yours was the next claim, although you did not believe in the possibilities for



romance contained in marriage and would never offer me marriage. I felt so certain then of life that I felt sorry for you—I told you that you would probably never see me again—and you laughed and told me that you knew something of life and that the *Law of Averages* that plays hob with romance was what you were betting on and that you thought it was a pretty safe bet that you were making." Martin laughed.

"My experience has not brought me very much faith in—"

"And then you wrote me out a check," she went on. "Oh, if you could have

known the thrill of that check in my hand. There was home in it—the man I loved . . . food—the end of loneliness, nostalgia . . . I hurried from the cafe, but as I went out, I knew that I should always love you next to one other, more than any other man in the world, and that if the impossible should happen, and Dick should disappoint me I should certainly live up to my part of our agreement and come directly to you. But really, I didn't then have the slightest thought that your *Law of Averages* meant anything. I felt so confident that Dick would make me happy. You see, he was very young then, and just beginning to make his way, back in the States. It was unthinkable that I should have asked him for my passage back home—though Lord knows he would have gotten the money somehow . . . my father had died after I had left for Paris . . . my mother was without any surplus funds. I tell you this, so that you can really appreciate what the feel of that check in my hands meant that night . . . and no strings of any sort attached to it . . . save what I thought then to be a most tenuous one . . . your *Law of Averages* . . . your cynical viewpoint of romance and its enduring qualities . . . its ability to survive absence for instance. If ever a man deserved to be dealt with honestly it is you." He rose and stood facing her. Her cheeks flushed with the emotion that went into her words she was a picture of flaming beauty that scorched. He stood very close to her, she put her hands into his as she went on.

"You see . . . I am going to be honest with you. In the past two years I have been successful. I turned from the serious art that formerly I studied and embraced, to the less serious but more satisfactory making of pictures that sell to people who have things to advertise. I have made money. A great deal of it."

"But your romance . . ." he interposed almost breathlessly, his whole being hanging upon the answer to this question. She did not at once reply and his eyes drank her in. She was like some beautiful Japanese full-sized ivory representation of a goddess, touched magically with the living flame that is life. A perfume not made of human hands

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seemed to exude from her. The livid temptation of her lips was a menace no amount of composure could withstand. He knew that in a moment he would sweep her into his arms, crush her to him, hurt her a little and glory in it.

"My romance . . ." she continued a little sadly, "turned out according to your Law of Averages . . . and I came back to find Dick a bore. He was interested mainly in his petty business interests. We disagreed and parted friends . . . bored friends."

"And you have come to me tonight . . . to—" his breath failed him. There was sheer delirium for the masculine beholder in the depths of her age-old woman's eyes, shining from across a thousand centuries of perfumed mysteries. She put her hand to her breast and stepped back just a little before the ardor of his glance and drew forth her hand which now contained something she had taken from the favorite feminine place of safe-keeping.

"I came to you tonight," she said softly, "to give you back your money, with interest at 10%." She handed him a check.

AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS

(Continued from page 11)

"—do not take anybody else but this guy for my husband," Walter finished for her. The ceremony finished, Walter took his bride's wrist and started for the hotel across the street.

Dragging her into the lobby he registered, snatched the key from the clerk's hand and pulled her after him upstairs. Closing the door he turned to take her into his arms, but at that instant she picked up the water pitcher from the stand and, remarking irrelevantly: "Moron!" dashed it full into his face.

Walter gasped for air, rubbed the water out of his eyes and looked about. Traffic was hopelessly blocked for half a mile in each direction upon the cement road.

"Just lay still," remarked the officer standing over him, "ambulance be here in a secun."



Miss Anderson's Statement:

When I arrived at the Kaufmann & Fabry Studio, my hair was straight as you may see in the picture above. I had very little faith in any of the so-called hair-wavers and expected I would have to visit my hairdresser before keeping my other pending appointments in the afternoon. To my delight, as you will see from the center photograph, it was not necessary. My hair was perfectly waved.

Signed MISS EVELYN ANDERSON.



KAUFFMANN & FABRY CO.
Commercial Photographers, Chicago
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I, Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these are actual photographs taken by me while Miss Evelyn Anderson's hair was Marcelled with Marvellous Marcelers. The one at the left shows Miss Anderson's hair as she entered my studio. That at the right shows the Marvellous Marcelers in place. The center photograph shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30 minutes later.

Signed EDWARD J. COOK,
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of March, 1928.

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All you do is slip the **Marvellous Marcelers** on slightly dampened locks—and while you freshen up and change your frock, your hair is waving. At the end of thirty minutes you slip the **Marvellous Marcelers** off—and your hair lies in smooth, soft, loose waves about your face!

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that, you will never go back again to hair-ruining irons. Maybe you have let your hair go completely, worried along with straight, straggly, unkempt locks, because your hair could not longer stand the ruinous waving methods. This is your chance to have again all the softening, becoming beauty of naturally waved locks.

For Any Kind of Hair— For Any Arrangement

The photographs reproduced above tell more plainly than words just what a wonderful wave the **Marvellous Marcelers** achieve. The prominent photographer who took these pictures has given an affidavit testifying to the facts. The model herself was so delighted with the results of the **Marvellous Marcelers** wave that she also added her statement to that of the photographer.

For no matter whether your hair is soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short, the **Marvellous Marcelers** will give you a wave of unbelievable beauty. No matter how you wear it—in a chignon bob, the Claire, berris-shaw wave or pompadour, center or side part—you will have a perfect marcel, perfectly suited to the style you prefer.

It is the simplest thing in the world to do. Just place the **Marvellous Marcelers** on your hair and catch the locks in place. The **Marvellous Marcelers** adapt themselves to any style—any requirement. They are amazingly comfortable on the head, too. Made of soft rubber, light and flexible, scientifically designed. If you have had a "permanent," the **Marvellous Marcelers** are just the thing you need to change it back into a lovely, natural wave or they will replace its disappearing curl with a smooth, even marcel. Of course, if you haven't had a permanent, there is no need ever to have one. **Marvellous Marcelers** make the other waving absolutely unnecessary.

Before putting this **Marcelling Outfit** on the market, we asked fifty women to try it out and give us their opinion. Without exception they were most enthusiastic about it. Here are part of a few of the letters received.

Mrs. K. W. Cole: I have had my hair Marcelled so much that it was beginning to get terribly dry and scratchy. Since I have got applying heat to my hair, it is quickly regaining its old lustre and beauty. I think your **Marcelling Outfit** is wonderful.

Mrs. A. K. Memphis: I am cured with this straight hair that is unusually hard to wave. I have tried many home **Marcelling** outfits, but have always been disappointed until my **Marvellous Marcelers** came. Now I can easily keep my hair in a dandy marcel just any way I wish. I can't say too much for your new invention.

Our Wonderful Time-Limited Offer

Just to establish this revolutionary new invention—just to put it into the hands of the women whose words of praise will prove the **Marvellous Marcelers** throughout the country, we are making this special offer to you, as one of the women to own this priceless boon to beauty. A complete set of **Marvellous Marcelers**, including a new and authentic marcel fashion chart, for only \$2.98, plus a few cents' postage—a price that scarcely covers the cost of making, packing and advertising.

Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon

Even at this special price, you need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon. In a few days, when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit \$2.98 with him (plus a few cents' postage). And when you put in your first marcel, you'll say it was the last purchase you ever made in your life, for your hair waving troubles are ended. Every time you use this outfit, you'll get better and better results and you'll never have to spend your good time and money for marceling again. After you have tried the **Marvellous Marcelers** outfit for 5 days, you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. Just don't put it off until it is too late. Seize the advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon today!

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COUPON

Maison de Beaute.

711 Quincy St., Dept. 74, Chicago, Illinois.

(Gentlemen)

Please send me your newly invented **Marcelling Outfit**, including set of **Marvellous Marcelers**, **Marcel** Style Chart, and complete directions for waving, which I will follow. I agree to deposit \$2.98 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If I am not delighted with the results I will return the outfit within 5 days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Note: If you expect to be out when the **Marcelling Outfit** arrives, enclose \$3.10 with your order and the **Marcelling Outfit** will be sent postpaid.

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Buy direct by mail and save the dealer's profit. Every article on this page is a genuine bargain. If you can match any item for less than twice the price in any store, send it back in good condition and your money will be refunded in full without question. If you fail to see what you want here, send a 2c stamp for our large catalog of bargains in jewelry, musical instruments, latest novelties, etc. We guarantee to save you about one-half on goods of standard quality. Satisfaction or Money Back.

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No. 5.—Tortoise shape, 4 matched sapphires, solid gold watch, fancy silver dial. (Value \$15). Our price only \$8.98.

No. 6.—Rectangle shaped face, a large dial, with gorgeous rubies, 14K gold filled clasp. \$15 value. Our price \$7.98.

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